

5-6-1900

## Letter from Louise Pierce, Wellesley, Massachusetts, to Mrs. R.F. Pierce, 1900 May 6

Louise Pierce

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Wellesley Mass.  
May 6. 1800

My dear Maamma: —

I am about to start for the village for church. but it isn't quite time, so will begin my letters. I am killing two birds with one stone this morning, going to church and getting some exercise. It isn't very far out to-day, the sun is half in and half out. One can never tell when its going to rain. I'm wearing my red suit.

Moss has gone to Lynn to stay over Sunday. I had invited it, as I said, but got out of it on the plea of work. Just now I'm not rushed much ~~xxx~~ but I like to enjoy my leisure in the way I want to. Alice is also home, and so we shall be but four to-night at supper which Mary gives. Yesterday I spoke in church. Didn't do badly I think. At least the Madam didn't say anything to me that was very derogatory. We have to speak only once more



and that time something very short.

I've been getting back reports from some of the things I've been doing the last week & a half and most of them are quite encouraging. The German paper came back with: "His paper leaves nothing to be desired further, and the German shows much improvement." Then Miss Lamb told me that Miss Perkins said to her that the special topic on which I held forth last Wednesday was well done and quite fluently given. So I'm feeling quite set up: I got my metrics paper back yesterday. I guess that wasn't so good. She didn't say anything about it either way, except told me of the mistakes that there were in it. We have to read them in class. I read mine next Sat. The history written lesson hasn't yet come back. I've had one more final paper given out - in music.



That makes two in all I'm going to work  
 on them this week. One of them I have  
 been doing all the year, in psychology.  
 There was a dance last night in the  
 Barn to which I was asked, but I  
 didn't care about going. Laura & Arthur  
 did & had an awfully good time, they  
 said. There is one to-morrow afternoon  
 to which I am not asked. Yesterday  
 afternoon the Sophomores were going  
 to launch their new rowing shell and  
 intended to make quite a proceeding  
 of it, but they discovered right be-  
 fore last that it was split, and to end.  
 Last Tuesday morning the Seniors  
 rolled hoops, according to the time  
 honored custom. It was rather fun,  
 and at the same time, rather saddening.  
 We sang around the class trees and  
 then went to chapel in the old



chapel, in a procession. Everybody stood up while we marched in. I like these kind of proceedings, but they are a trifle solemn. The next time we do that will be at Last chapel, the beginning of Commencement. Only ~~six~~ weeks from Wednesday. The Juniors are struggling now on their last forensics. How glad I am, I don't have that & do.

I'm going to ~~it~~ make a writing day, 5-day, and get up all my correspondence as nearly as possible. I haven't been writing any at all since I came back. I wish I could run a typewriter, as Mary is now running here. I guess maybe you at home wish the same thing.

I saw by the Enterprise that Mrs. Howe was visiting Fan. I thought it would be nice to have them out, as they are both very nice to me. I wrote to them & come



To-morrow afternoon, as I'm not especially busy now. I haven't heard from them. Probably will to-morrow morning. I guess I'll make some tea & ask the girls what Mrs. S. was out in Old Town. I think it is going to rain. so doubt if they will come.

I'm yearning to go in town, just to see things, having nothing in particular to get. I've got the spring wandering fever.

How are you getting on with your dollar. I should think it would take quite a long time to get it on bottles & iron. They must get quite a sum altogether. Is it for anything in particular?

I received from Ernest Holman yesterday another of the black covered Futures. They are a monthly production, it seems, and he is chief manager, editor & printer I should say. I imagine he gets it done at his brother's printing office. His own production



fall the most of the inside, and while not quite so wild as the one in that other case, have nothing to recommend <sup>them</sup> in interest, plot or even English. He has evidently joined the ranks of the Bohemians. I could excuse him for that, although I think its an affectation, absurd though I will admit, fascinating to certain degree. If his things ~~now~~ had the slightest amount of interest or originality, which is the only claim to public attention that the Bohemians can put forth. But they haven't. They are flat and insipid. He may think himself a genius, but I don't consider him a very clever one. He may get over it in time, though, and do something worthwhile. Only, his tendencies now don't seem to be particularly elevated.

Papa said yesterday that you were thinking of going to Northport this week.



It would be a fine trip, I think. In planning out  
the summer. I have thought that it  
might be nice to go down from here in  
June by boat, and stop of at N.P. with Lena  
& Lucie, stay there over the Fourth before  
coming home. We shall all be awfully tired  
and it would be a pleasant break.

Well, its time to go to dinner - I have  
been to church meanwhile and gotten back -  
Some body said we were to have real strawberry  
ice cream this morn. Heres hoping.

With many kisses,  
Lan.